

# MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

## DUTCH MODE OF MANURING ORCHARDS.

The Dutch are famous, for the world over, for their industry and care in the culture of the earth, and their great attention to the application of manures to their crops. The Mark Lane Express, a paper published in London, speaks of a method which they have adopted, for supplying liquid manure to fruit trees. We copy the remarks, together with what they publish from the "Gardener's Chronicle," containing the remarks of Dr. Lindley, in regard to the proper time of applying liquid manure to trees, in order to ensure the most and the best fruit.

The Dutch, says the Express, who are admirable gardeners, had in the great exhibition, last year, an instrument called an "Earth Borer," for manuring the trees without digging the ground. A circle of holes is bored around the tree, at two feet distance from it, and a foot from each other. Taking the tree at a foot diameter at the surface of the soil, the circle will be five feet in diameter and fifteen feet in circumference; and if the holes are three inches diameter, and a foot apart, (making in all fifteen inches,) there will be about twelve holes, more or less, according to the diameter of the tree. They are eighteen inches deep, (where there is sufficient depth of soil,) and slanting towards the centre; they are filled with liquid manure, diluted more or less in water, and stronger as the weather is wetter. In regard to the time of application, Dr. Lindley says, "the proper time for using liquid manure, is when the fruit is beginning to swell, and has acquired, means by its own surface, a power of suction equal to that of the leaves. At that time liquid manure may be applied freely, and continued from time to time, as long as the fruit is growing. But at the first sign of ripening, or even earlier, it should be wholly withheld. If liquid manure be applied to a plant, while the flowers are growing, the vigor which it communicates to them must also be communicated to the leaves, but when leaves are growing unusually fast, there is sometimes a danger that they may rob the branches of the sap required for the nutrition of the fruit, and if that happens the latter falls off. And we all know that when ripening has once begun, even water spoils the quality of the fruit, although it augments the size."

It seems that Dr. Lindley infers the above results in regard to the use of liquids or water to fruit trees while the fruit is ripening, from the results he has obtained when small fruits, such as strawberries, &c., have been so treated.—There is reason to believe, however, that he is incorrect. We hope the mode above noted will be practised among us next season, and its effects noted.

## CLOSE AND OPEN STOVES.



Darby's Franklin Radiator.

It has long been a desideratum, among those who have from time to time, got up apparatus for warming rooms and houses, to invent something that, while it should combine the advantages of a close stove, should, at the same time, be made, if occasion required, an open fire place by which the desired which every one feels to "see the fire" as well as feel its warmth may be gratified.

This has been accomplished in the stoves now constructed, and kept for sale by Mr. Geo. Darby, of this city. The main principles of this construction, we believe, originated with Moses B. Bliss, Esq., of Pittsboro, one of our County Commissioners, and has been put very successfully into practice by Mr. Darby, who has been to great expense for patterns, varying in size and figure. When the front part of the stove is open, it resembles a handsome Franklin fire place, of improved figure and construction, and may be supplied with a grate, or andirons, like any other open fire place, and you may sit and watch the play and the flicker of the flames, or warming of the coals, to your heart's content. When the doors, which are slid into the sides out of sight, are drawn out and swung together, it becomes a very good looking box stove, of improved form, and the fire burns in "solitary confinement," giving out its heat and warming the rooms in the same manner as in any other box stove. It is then a stove partially enclosed within another stove, and is liberally supplied with registers and dampers, by which the cold air is let in below, the warm suffered to pass out above, and the draft regulated to suit the contingencies of the occasion.

For setting rooms, chambers, offices, stores, &c., we think it is an admirable contrivance, and we are happy to learn that wherever they have been used, they meet with a hearty approval. The above cut is a good representation of the invention, and by calling at Mr. Darby's hardware store in this city, those who wish to examine or purchase will find an assortment of sizes and figures that cannot fail to suit the most fastidious.

A THING WHICH EVERY FARMER SHOULD KNOW. If you wish to drive a nail into seasoned oak timber, and not have it break or bend, just have a little oil near by, and dip the end of the nail into it before driving, and it will never fail to go.

## PEAKS OF APPLE TREES.

It is said there is no general rule without exceptions, and we suppose that apple trees sometimes demonstrate the truth of this remark. It is a pretty general rule, we believe, that if you engraft an apple tree to a certain kind of fruit, it will produce that fruit. We have however published one or two cases heretofore, where the trees grafted in the usual way, did sometimes sport and produce fruit of a different kind.

Mr. Buffum, of Vassboro, informed us the other day, that he has an apple tree that has borne Baldwin and nothing but Baldwin for the last seventeen years until last summer. The tip of one branch did actually produce during the past season, a handsome, well shaped, bona fide russet. We did not see the apple, but have no doubt from the evidence given, that such is the fact.

In addition to this, we have a letter communicated to the New England Farmer, by Mr. Charles H. Sanborn of Hampton Falls, N. H., respecting the origin of an apple called the "Red Russet," which he recommends as being an excellent apple, and worthy of general cultivation.

The circumstance of the origin of this new fruit, says Mr. Sanborn, is this: Ten or twelve years since, my father grafted the branches of a large tree of natural fruit with grafts of the Baldwin tree, and some of its branches extended into the top of the latter. When the grafted trees began to bear, it was noticed that those branches most remote from the Russet tree bore Baldwins, (like the scions,) and those nearest a different fruit, which resembled in outward appearance a compound of the Baldwin and Russet. The fruit of this new kind, was put by itself, and its characteristics noted. In two or three years its remarkable and valuable properties were clearly perceived. It had its own defined, and strongly marked peculiarities.

We give the above as facts, because they are given by Mr. Buffum and Mr. Sanborn as facts, but it is very difficult to account for them.

## HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER.

"What is the reason that my plants do not grow so well as Mrs. Jones'?" I am sure I take a great deal more pains with them, and water, and nurse, and air them, but all will not do; they are weak, slender, sickly, and some of my best plants have died—while Mrs. Jones seems to take very little care of her's, and yet they grow and bloom beautifully!"

This appeal to us for aid and advice, which has just been made, is not the first complaint of this kind of ill success. The truth is, some plants are actually nursed to death. Care and attention bestowed on plants, which they do not need, are worse than no care at all. It is knowing just what to do, and doing that, and no more, that gives some persons their success. Or, as a late writer remarked, there are two great points to be attended to. 1st, Not to let your plants suffer by neglect; and 2d, not to make them suffer by interference. We would class the requisites for good treatment, as follows:

1. Plenty of light.
2. A due supply of water.
3. Proper temperature.

Fresh air, cleanliness, and good soil, are obviously of importance, but are less likely to be neglected than the three first named wants, and we shall therefore add a few additional remarks under these heads.

1. Light. Plants cannot by any possibility have too much of this. The stand should therefore face the window, and be placed as near to it as practicable; and the window should be broad, as little obstructed in its light by outside trees as the nature of the case will admit. But rapidly growing plants require most light; hence such should be placed more directly in front of the window.

2. Water. This must be given according to circumstances. A plant in nearly a dormant state, needs very little—those in a rapidly growing condition require considerable. Too much water will make the latter grow slender, but they will bear a greater supply if in a strong light. It must be remembered as a standing rule, that dormant plants may remain comparatively in the dark, and with little water; and growing ones should have a good supply of water and a full supply of light. But it must not be forgotten that green-house plants generally are nearly dormant during winter, and the soil must therefore be kept moderately moist, as the plants in this condition do not pump any moisture from the soil, and little seeps directly by evaporation. Drainage, by filling one-fifth of each pot with charcoal, is of importance.

3. Temperature. Many house plants are destroyed by too much heat, which increases the dryness, and both these causes together are more than they can endure. A cool room, never as low as freezing, is best. From 50 to 55 degrees is much better than 65 or 70, the ordinary temperature of living rooms.

Syringing the foliage with tepid water, to wash off whatever dust accumulates, is of use; and the admission of fresh air, when there is no danger of chilling or freezing the foliage, should not be neglected. [Albany Cultivator.]

BEEFSTEAKS. Steaks should never be covered when they are laid upon the dish; a cover smother them, and thus they lose their best flavor. Beefsteaks should be eaten as soon as they are cooked. The best pieces for steak are the sirloin and the rump. The top of the round next to the aitch-bone is very juicy, and by pounding it with a mallet may be made as tender as the rump. The steaks should be cut nearly an inch thick. It is not necessary to grease the gridiron before putting on the steak—indeed, the flavor of the meat is much impaired by so doing.

Prepare a brick fire of coals, put your gridiron over it, but do not let your gridiron get too hot before you put on the steak. As soon as the steaks become crisped a little, turn the steak. Do not spill the gravy upon the fire. Take up the steak on a hot dish, turn the steak and replace it upon the gridiron. It will require ten minutes to sear it through, and brown the outside. As soon as the steak is cooked, put it upon a hot dish and serve.

## For the Maine Farmer.

### NORTH ARDSTOCK AG. SOCIETY.

#### On Horses.

The report of this Committee is so very lengthy that we send only an abstract; besides, some objections have been raised to the course taken by the committee, and the publication of their report might lead to a disagreeable controversy. The premiums were awarded as follows:

On breeding mares, 1st premium to Silas Ireland of Presque Isle; 2d do. to John Flannery of Letter D.

On three years old colts, 1st premium to E. C. Blake of Presque Isle; 2d do. to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove.

On two years old colts, 1st premium to C. E. Currier of Letter G; 2d do. to David L. Currier of Letter G.

On one year old colts, 1st premium to I. F. Ellis of Maple Grove; 2d do. to Silas Ireland of Presque Isle.

On matched horses, 1st premium to Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle.

On business horse, premium awarded to S. B. Pattee of Fort Fairfield.

On stallion, 2d premium to S. Whitney of Presque Isle.

Per order of the Committee.

G. A. NOURSE, Chairman, pro tem.

#### On Oxen and Steers.

The Committee on oxen and steers, having attended to their duty, respectfully submit the following report.

We found eleven pairs of oxen entered for premium, which we examined and found all to be good cattle, so good indeed that we found it exceedingly difficult, among so many superior oxen, to decide which should be entitled to the preference, but after due deliberation we finally decided that the Society's premiums should be awarded as follows:

On oxen, 1st premium to Benj. Rackliff of Presque Isle; 2d do. to David Currier of Letter G; 3d do. to James Thompson of Letter G.

On three years old steers, 1st premium to Thos. Field of Letter G; 2d do. to Alanson Rackliff of Presque Isle; 3d do. to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove.

On two years old steers, 1st premium to S. B. Pattee of Fort Fairfield; 2d do. to Wm. Y. Merchant of Maple Grove.

On yearling steers, 1st and 2d premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove.

On steer calves, 1st premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove; 2d do. to Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle.

Per order of the Committee.

Moses Rose, Chairman.

#### On Bulls.

The undersigned, Committee on bulls, after an examination of the various animals presented by competitors, are of the opinion that the premiums should be awarded as follows:

On Bulls, 1st premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove.

On yearling bulls, 1st premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove; 2d do. to Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle.

On bull calves, 1st premium to Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle; 2d do. to C. H. Ellis of Maple Grove.

Per order of the Committee.

JOHN ALLEN, Chairman.

#### On Cows and Heifers.

The Committee on Cows and Heifers, having attended to the duties assigned them, now present their report.

Having viewed many worthy animals, we only regret that we are not authorized to award premiums on all deserving it. But since it is otherwise, we have endeavored to act impartially, and therefore our report may be wrong, there errors our judgment. We award the Society's premiums as follows:

On stock cows, 1st and 2d premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove; 3d do. to C. H. Ellis of Maple Grove.

On milch cows, 1st premium to John Smith of Letter G; 2d do. to Joseph B. Hall & Co. of Presque Isle; 3d do. to E. W. Dibblee of Presque Isle.

On two years old heifers, 1st premium to John Smith of Presque Isle; 2d do. to Silas Ireland, Presque Isle.

On yearling heifers, 1st premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove; 2d do. to S. B. Pattee of Fort Fairfield.

On heifer calves, 1st premium to S. B. Pattee of Fort Fairfield.

Per order of the Committee.

WINSLOW HALL, Chairman.

#### On Sheep.

There were but two lots of ewes presented for examination, and we award the 1st premium to E. S. Fowler of Maple Grove; 2d do. to Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle.

On bucks, 1st premium to J. W. Hains of Maple Grove; 2d do. to Joel Bean of Letter G; 3d do. to Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle.

E. S. FOWLER, Chairman of Com.

#### On Garden Vegetables.

There being but one premium offered on garden vegetables, we have thought proper to award it to Joel Bean of Letter G, of a respectable quality, as follows: beets, parsnips, top and potato onions, cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers and pumpkins.

## For the Maine Farmer.

### THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

#### BY MARTHA, PRAYER.

I've pictured a home, 'tis a sweet, sunny home;  
The wild flowers bloom and the land reapers reap;  
The sunbeams shine with a passion's glow,  
Cerulean waters unfettered their flow.  
There breezes are laden with incense of flowers,  
Which waft their perfume from those rich blooming bowers.

The sky is so clear, 'tis so calm and so bright,  
And white clouds are floating in rich azure light!  
I've pictured a home, 'tis a sweet, sunny home,  
Unlike this cold world, which is dreary and lone—  
Where shadows are dark which the forest trees throw,  
Where waters are chafed 'neath the iron and snow;

Where coldness and desolation o'er the earth reign,  
My heart ever filling with sadness and pain;  
Where hearts are so cold that they heedlessly fling  
The warm life's little word that so fondly I bring;  
Where each little word that is uttered in mirth,  
Has cause to regret that it ever had birth;

Where foes so insidious, deceitful and ill,  
Are ready each young heart to blight and to chill!  
I've pictured a home, 'tis of love and of light,  
Where never are known the dark shadows of night;  
Where sleep throws its mantle o'er old sorrows and care,  
And where the angels of heaven are ever near;

Where laughing waters dash 'neath the bright jeweled rain;  
Where wild honey bees seek the flowering gleam,  
And murmuring swarms in the jasmine shade;  
Where golden-plumed warblers are tuning their throat,  
And filling the woodland with love's thrilling notes!

I've pictured a home, 'tis of love and of light,  
And of I dream in the slumbers of night,  
When sleep throws its mantle o'er old sorrows and care,  
And I dream the notes of its music and mirth,  
O, then like the echo of minstrel's sweet lay,  
In dreams I am borne from this dark earth away!

To that home on the skies past the deep azure blue,  
Where hearts are so loving, so kind and so true:  
Life's sorrows are not heeded, its passions are curd,  
Where beings now list to the lone Orphan's prayer;  
And friends will there meet, yes, when life's ties are  
Riven.

To go no more out from that blissed home in Heaven,  
But still 'mid my dreams I awake from my sleep  
To mourn 'mid the Orphan's sad lot, and to weep!

I've pictured a home, 'tis a home of the heart,  
Whose memory ever will a glad thrill impart;  
A charm, out of earth, is imparted above,  
Beyond the low vale is my home, home of love;  
O, there I shall rest with that loved one so dear,  
Who perished and left me a lone Orphan here!

They tell me of friends, they tell me of love,  
No friends, none of a home, like to that one above.  
Indulge, Nov. 1852.

#### On Farming Tools.

The Committee have attended to the duty assigned them, and beg leave to report as follows:

On iron-bound cart wheels, 1st premium to Addison Powers of Letter D. Premium on rakes to Levi Hoyt of Letter D; premium on axe handles to Cyrus Knight of Presque Isle; premium on axes to Jonathan Wilson of Presque Isle; premium on ox yokes to Cyrus Pomroy of Letter G; 2d do. do, Moses Allen of Presque Isle.

Per order of the Committee.

C. H. ELLIS, Chairman.

#### On Butter and Cheese.

This Committee awarded premiums as follows:

On butter, 1st premium to lot No. 7, Mrs. J. Hopkinson, Letter D; 2d do. to No. 6, Mrs. E. S. Fowler, Maple Grove; 3d do. to No. 12, Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, Presque Isle.

On cheese, 1st premium to lot No. 8, Mrs. J. Hopkinson, Letter D; 2d do. to No. 1, Mrs. Jos. D. Pike, Presque Isle; 3d do. to No. 4, Mrs. Moses Allen, Presque Isle.

Per order of the Committee.

JOS. D. PIKE, Chairman.

#### Incidentals.

This Committee recommend that gratuities be awarded as follows:

One stand cloth, 25 cents, Mrs. P. Bean, Letter G.

One tidy, 25 cents, Mrs. P. Bean, Letter G.

Three tidies, 50 cents, Miss J. Augusta Allen, Letter G.

Three pair woolen gloves, 24 cents, Miss J. A. Allen, Letter G.

Cooper ware, \$1.00, Moses Allen, Presque Isle.

One bibb. flour, 50 cents, Moses Parsons, Map Grove.

One pair boots, \$1.00, J. T. McBrien, Presque Isle.

Two holders, 25 cents, Mrs. G. W. Packard, No. 12.

Some boxes of honey, \$1.00, M. Walton, Amity.

Specimens of apples, \$1.00, M. Walton, Amity.

Knit leading lines, 25 cents, Mrs. W. Stratton, Salmon Brook.

Grain cradle, 50 cents, John Allen, Jr., Letter G.

Whip lashes, 25 cents, John Allen, Jr., Letter G.

WINSLOW HALL, Chairman.

#### VINEGAR.

Dr. Holmes of the Maine Farmer, has been called upon by "different individuals, asking if mode of manufacturing vinegar, in the quick way without cider?" The Dr. thinks vinegar made from cider is the best, but does not tell but this may be made in one half of the usual time.

By a more accurate we have learned a simple fact, and everybody can do the same thing, not however that the matter of heat was unnecessary. It is necessary. We set a keg of cider, after fermentation had commenced, near the stove in a room as being the most out of the way place. In 8 or 9 weeks as the weather grew colder, and thinking that a little extra heat from the stove would be injurious to the keg, we removed it and in so doing, took occasion to taste of it. It proved to be a little of the sharpest vinegar ever tasted of. Heat then quickens the process by promoting the absorption of oxygen. If an body wants vinegar in a quicker way, we would give the New York and Boston formulas—"White Wine Vinegar."

#### WATER.

TARTARIC ACID &c.

## For the Maine Farmer.

### THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

#### BY MARTHA, PRAYER.

I've pictured a home, 'tis a sweet, sunny home;  
The wild flowers bloom and the land reapers reap;  
The sunbeams shine with a passion's glow,  
Cerulean waters unfettered their flow.  
There breezes are laden with incense of flowers,  
Which waft their perfume from those rich blooming bowers.

The sky is so clear, 'tis so calm and so bright,  
And white clouds are floating in rich azure light!  
I've pictured a home, 'tis a sweet, sunny home,  
Unlike this cold world, which is dreary and lone—  
Where shadows are dark which the forest trees throw,  
Where waters are chafed 'neath the iron and snow;

Where coldness and desolation o'er the earth reign,  
My heart ever filling with sadness and pain;  
Where hearts are so cold that they heedlessly fling  
The warm life's little word that so fondly I bring;  
Where each little word that is uttered in mirth,  
Has cause to regret that it ever had birth;

Where foes so insidious, deceitful and ill,  
Are ready each young heart to blight and to chill!  
I've pictured a home, 'tis of love and of light,  
Where never are known the dark shadows of night;  
Where sleep throws its mantle o'er old sorrows and care,  
And where the angels of heaven are ever near;

Where laughing waters dash 'neath the bright jeweled rain;  
Where wild honey bees seek the flowering gleam,  
And murmuring swarms in the jasmine shade;  
Where golden-plumed warblers are tuning their throat,  
And filling the woodland with love's thrilling notes!

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And of I dream in the slumbers of night,  
When sleep throws its mantle o'er old sorrows and care,  
And I dream the notes of its music and mirth,  
O, then like the echo of minstrel's sweet lay,  
In dreams I am borne from this dark earth away!

To that home on the skies past the deep azure blue,  
Where hearts are so loving, so kind and so true:  
Life's sorrows are not heeded, its passions are curd,  
Where beings now list to the lone Orphan's prayer;  
And friends will there meet, yes, when life's ties are  
Riven.

To go no more out from that blissed home in Heaven,  
But still 'mid my dreams I awake from my sleep  
To mourn 'mid the Orphan's sad lot, and to weep!

I've pictured a home, 'tis a home of the heart,  
Whose memory ever will a glad thrill impart;  
A charm, out of earth, is imparted above,  
Beyond the low vale is my home, home of love;  
O, there I shall rest with that loved one so dear,  
Who perished and left me a lone Orphan here!

They tell me of friends, they tell me of love,  
No friends, none of a home, like to that one above.  
Indulge, Nov. 1852.

#### CHEMICAL CHARACTER OF STEEL.

Steel is formed by surrounding bars of iron with charcoal placed in the fire-brick troughs, from which air is excluded, and keeping the iron bars and charcoal in contact, and at a full red heat, for several days; at the end of which time the iron bars are found to be converted into steel.

What is the nature of the change which the iron has undergone we have no certain knowledge; the ordinary explanation is, that the iron has absorbed and combined with a portion of the charcoal or carbon, and has in consequence been converted into a carburet of iron. But it has ever been a mystery that, on analysis, so very minute and questionable a portion of carbon is exhibited. It appears that the grand error in the above view of the subject consists in our not duly understanding the nature of the change which carbon undergoes in its combination with iron in the formation of steel.

Those who are familiar with the processes of the conversion of iron into steel must have observed the remarkable change in the outward aspect of the bars of iron after their conversion, namely, that they are covered with blisters. These blisters indicate the evolution of a very elastic gas, which is not free from the carbon in the act of its combination with the iron. I have the strongest reasons to think that these blisters are the result of the decomposition of carbon, whose metallic base enters into union with the iron, and forms with it an alloy, while the other component element of the carbon is given forth, and so produces in its escape the blisters in question. On this assumption we come to a very interesting question—What is the nature of this gas? In order to examine this, that is that is requisite to fill a wrought iron retort with a mixture of pure carbon and iron filings, subject it to a long-continued red heat, and receive the evolved gas over mercury. Having obtained the gas in question in this manner, then permit a piece of polished steel to come in contact with this gas, and in all probability we shall then have reproduced on the surface of the steel a coat of carbon resulting from the reunion of its two elements, namely, that of the metallic base of the carbon then existing in the steel, with the as yet, unknown gas; thus synthetically, as well as by analysis process, eliminating the true nature of steel, and that of the elements or components of carbon.

ASHES.

Ashes, according to the most accurate analysis, contain a valuable proportion of sulphates, silicates, phosphates and carbonates of lime, with phosphates of potash, soda, lime and magnesia, together with other substances in smaller yet important quantities. An accurate and critical examination of them also reveals the presence of a considerable quantity of imperfectly constituted carbonaceous matter, (charcoal.) In ashes, therefore, the scientific reader will at once discover that we have all, or nearly all the materials of which some plants, and especially wheat, are composed. "It will seem," remarks a distinguished writer on Agriculture, "that ashes, mixed with the soil, will supply the quarter part of the substance of wheat." We are acquainted with several intelligent agriculturists who refuse to dispose of their house ashes on any terms. Formerly they were in the habit of selling them at a merely nominal price—about one shilling per bushel, and were glad to get rid of them at that rate; but now they are willing to purchase at twice that price. As a stimulant for Indian corn, we consider ashes, of good quality, worth fifty cents per bushel. As an ingredient in the compost heap they are of inestimable value, and also as a dressing for turnips, cabbages, beans, &c. Even leached ashes are now bought up by farmers, and applied as a top-dressing to lands in grain and grass. They are also used with success as an ingredient in compost, and for giving increased energy to fruit trees. There is scarcely a single modification of vegetable life which is not essentially and powerfully benefited by their application. [Norway Advertiser.]

## FARMING.

If one half the zeal, energy, and expense that blots so many gazettes with low and coarse abuse, setting the whole community by the ears, for the vain and paltry purpose of a few denagogues and office-seekers; were bestowed on the advancement of agriculture—if the people were half so ambitious to improve and beautify their fields, as they are to settle the affairs of the nation; and half so angry with thieves, thorns, and poor fences, as they are with their political opponents, who probably wish as well to the country as they, we should have more productive fields, less complaint of poverty, more ability to be charitable and munificent, and abundantly more good feeling. From Pittsburg to New Orleans, the great mass of farmers are as stationary in theory as they are in practice. Nine in ten believe at this moment, that book farming is the mere, useless, visionary dreaming of men that know nothing about practical agriculture.

We would tell them that England is the garden of Europe, simply because almost every acre of the ground is cultivated scientifically, and on principles which have been brought to the test of the most rigid and exact experiment. We would tell them that New England, of whose soil and climate they are accustomed to think, as consigned by Providence, to sterility and inclemency, is the garden of the United States, only because the industrious and calculating people do not throw away their efforts in the exertion of mere brute strength—but bring mind, pains, system, and experience to bear upon their naturally hard and thankless soil.

On every side, the passing traveller sees verdure, grass, and orchards, in the small and frequent enclosures of imperishable rock, and remarks fertility won from the opposition of the elements and nature. After an absence of ten years, on our return to our country, we were struck with the proud and noble triumph, conspicuous over the whole region.

The real benefactors of mankind, as St. Pierre so beautifully said, are those who cause two blades of wheat to mature where one did before. The fields ought to be the morning and evening theme of Americans that love their country. To fertilize and improve his farm should be the prime temporal object of the owner of the substantial soil. All national aggrandizement, power and wealth, may be traced to agriculture, as its ultimate source. Commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of this main spring.

We consider agriculture as very conducive, not only to abundance, industry, comfort, and health, but to good morals, and ultimately, even to religion. We shall always say and sing—"Speed the Plough." We shall always regard the American farmer, stripped to his employment, and tilling his grounds, as belonging to the first order of noble men among us. We shall always wish him bountiful harvests, good beer, and moderate use of cider; and, if he will rear it himself, of the grape; but none of the pernicious gladdness of whiskey; and we shall only invoke upon his labors the blessing of God, and say of him—"Peace be within his walls."

[Rev. T. Flint.]





MAINE FARMER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1892.

TRIP TO PEQUAWKET—No. 5.

As you pass from Fryburg to Brownfield, after crossing the "plains," you come into the more immediate valley of the Saco, for a part of the way. In some places, the hills on either side approach nearer to each other, and you have on your left the intervals of the river, and on your right the slopes and swells of the hills, and many of the farms are made up of both kinds of land. This makes a very convenient diversity. The hills, though rough and rocky, are good for wood lots, for pasturage, and for orcharding, while the intervals, in their highest portions, are excellent for tillage, and in their lowest they afford abundance of grass, thus combining all the requisites for a good farm. Much of the intermediate portions of the soil, between the hills and the intervals, are gravelly and sandy, with their ever attendant growth of pines, &c. Most of the farms on the road from Fryburg to Brownfield present evidences of the industry and good thrift and industry of their proprietors, and the town is characterized by containing an industrious, prudent, moral and highly intelligent population. Indeed this may be said of nearly all the towns in Oxford county. Although this, as well as most other towns in this section of the State, is by no means full of people, for some reason or other, the census will not show a very rapid increase of population. The reason is this—the young and enterprising, who are trained up here in the habits of activity and good morals, and well instructed in the public schools, either can, or think they can find a better theatre of action abroad, and you will find them swarming from the old live, and seeking their fortunes "all over creation." In almost every department of physical or mental industry in other States and countries, you will find the young men of Maine, and this portion of the State supplies a full share. On the farms, in the shops and factories, on the railroads and steamboats, in the school houses, court houses, pulpits, Legislative halls, State departments, lumber swamps, granite quarries, mines and mills of other States and countries, young Maine Yankees may be seen, pushing their way along, and fighting the battles of life with energy and zeal, and with varied success. As we have said before, the Pequawket towns furnish their share of such desiderata. Our friend Spring, of Brownfield, at whose house we were hospitably entertained during our stay in B., has a brother, and a son or two, in Buenos Ayres, where they have been established for several years, in the trade of the country, and where, Yankee like, they are probably gathering a comfortable harvest of "material aid" in the form into which the precious metals are usually tortured for universal circulation. At any rate, if they put a pair of those enormous spurs, which the Crocotas of that country manufacture, on their Yankee heels, something will have to locomote in double quick time.

Mr. Spring presented us with a pair of his description, being one of a pair brought home by his son during one of his visits here. It is a massive and well wrought article, manufactured of some kind of metallic alloy, with steel rivets nearly two inches long, and which Mr. S. facetiously observed would be capital to spur up the agricultural community with.

Mr. Spring has a very pleasant farm, in a valley, skirted on the west by one of those rocky granite hills which abound in this country. One of his sons assists him in carrying on the farm, and they are good farmers. On the eastern declivity of this hill they have prepared a piece of land for an orchard. The stones, of which there was an abundance, have been put into a strong and substantial wall, the ground broken up and put into cultivation, and the whole set out with apple trees. They were rather unlucky in obtaining some unhealthy trees, which have died, but the remainder look thrifty and healthy, and in a few years, by ordinary care and attention, they will have a beautiful orchard.

We were pleased to find, that they had filled their barnyard, with a supply of a lighter kind of peat, which they obtain near by, and which, when decomposed by being mixed with the purest animal manure of their stock, will afford a large amount of excellent dressing for their soil.

In the morning we took a seat on the top of the White Mountain stage, as it came down from the "upper country," on its way to Portland. The weather was warm and delightful, and we had a fine view of the country as we passed along. We found our driver, Mr. Abbott, a very prudent and careful man; and kind hearted withal, for, although his stage was crowded, outside and in, when he left Brownfield, he hated to see a man go away with a heavy heart, and so he took on every one who applied, as he "needed" his way shortly, until every seat and box, and trunk, had a passenger on it, to which he clung like a barnacle to a boat keel.

From Brownfield we continued to pass along down the valley of the Saco to Hiram; the face of the country continuing similar to that above, the flats or intervals, on your left, the plains mid-way, and the hills on your right, and the character of the growth and soil, very similar to what you have passed higher up. At Hiram you cross to the East side of the river; the hills seem to recede on each side from the river and the valley to widen. You travel over a good deal of pine plain, covered with pines. The more coarse or gravelly portions abounding in Norway, and pitch pines, and the finer, or more sandy, more abundant in white pines.

In Baldwin, next town to Hiram, we first noticed a change in the rock formation—the granite loess is crystalline character, and runs into the stratified variety called gneiss; and you will perceive a corresponding change of the soil, although the road still leads over wide tracts of sandy plain and through pine growth, until you come to Standish Corner. Here you leave the Saco farther to your right—the rocks take on a still more stratified or clay character. The soil changes to clayey loam, and you begin to see the spruce and the fir and beeches show themselves more abundantly, and the heavy, retentive loam continues to Gorham and how much farther we know not.

Why we know not, is because we were here landed at the depot and hurried into the cars of the York & Cumberland Railroad, the iron horse of which was fitting and snorting with his mouth full of steam, and the bell giving its last tinkling preparatory for a start as we entered. What can a man see of a country as he dashes along like a streak of lightning in a railroad car?

All we know about it is, we were in Gorham, and before we could "cruciate" Jack Robinson, we were in Portland, and thence by lamp light, steam and starlight in Kennebec.

## THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

SILVERING GLASS.

A person, signing himself "A Young Subscriber," writes to us respecting the best and easiest mode of covering glass with silver. We do not really know what he wishes to do with the glass when silvered. If he merely wishes to cover flat plates of glass with silver, in the form of common looking glasses, we can only say that this is done by amalgamating quicksilver with tin. He will find minute directions for doing it in any of the encyclopedias, or dictionaries of arts. It can be no particular object for him to do it himself, unless he has the curiosity to try the experiment with his own hands, for he can purchase looking glasses, of all sorts and sizes, at the looking glass manufacturers', or of the gold and framers, far cheaper than he can make them himself.

There have been several modes discovered by chemists, by which silver, held in solution by some of the acids, or the salts of silver, dissolved in water, may be thrown down on glass, in its metallic form, merely by the addition of some substance that will deprive the silver, dissolved in the fluid, of its oxygen. A substance called formic acid will do it.

The following mode, discovered by Mr. Vohl, a German chemist, may be interesting to our young friend, and we here copy it for his particular benefit.

Mr. V. uses the substance known by the name of gun cotton, which may be had at some of the chemical and drug stores, in Boston, and other large cities. He dissolves the gun cotton in caustic ley, such as is used in making soap.

Suppose you have a vessel, the inside of which you wish to silver over, a glass bottle, for instance. Put into it your caustic ley. In this dissolve your gun cotton. Into this pour a small quantity of a solution of nitrate of silver; then add liquid ammonia. The oxide of silver will be precipitated, but will be re-dissolved; the mixture being slowly heated in a sand bath, the liquor will, at a certain period of the operation, if rightly conducted, assume a deep brown color, and effervescence, the whole of the silver being precipitated on the sides of the vessel.

The mirror thus produced is said to be much superior in brilliancy to those produced by other chemical agents, and is also produced with much more facility than many of the others.

If this brief account of the subject of his inquiry can be of any use to our friend, the "Young Subscriber," it will afford us much pleasure. We wish him success in his experiments.

### TO THE MEMORY OF DOWNING.

We would earnestly recommend to those of our readers who feel an interest in horticultural pursuits, and who, in common with others of the community, have profited by the writings and suggestions of the late A. J. Downing, to read the following circular.

The American Pomological Society owe their existence to his exertions in the cause of fruit culture, and it is their melancholy duty to express their love and regard for the man who has done so much to encourage and promote such pleasing, profitable, and sinless pursuits.

### CIRCULAR.

The undersigned were appointed a Committee by the American Pomological Society, at its late meeting in Philadelphia, (with power to add to their number,) to solicit from individuals subscriptions, each of one dollar or upwards, to procure such testimonials as the Committee may deem suitable and expedient, in memory of the lamented Andrew Jackson Downing.

His private virtues, his great worth and important services in Horticulture, Rural Architecture and the various branches of terra-culture, and his numerous and valuable publications, justly entitle him to this distinction.

In discharge of the duty imposed upon us, we transmit to you this Circular, and earnestly request your prompt co-operation in fulfillment of this benevolent design.

Associations as well as individuals who may receive this Circular, are requested to transmit, not only to the undersigned, but to either of the subscribers, who will register their names, residence and subscription.

Marshall P. Wilder, Boston; Robert Bunt, Cape Cod; Philadelphia: H. W. S. Cleveland, Burlington, N. J.; Benj. Hodge, Buffalo, N. Y.; F. E. Elliot, Lawrenceville, Ohio; Lawrence Young, Springdale, near Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Breckenridge, Washington, D. C.; John A. Kennicot, Northfield, Illinois.

The several Vice Presidents of the American Pomological Society, and the Chairmen of the various State Fruit Committees, are hereby constituted members of the above Committee, with authority to appoint associates in their respective States and Territories.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, Chairman.

### WEBSTER OBITUARY IN NEW YORK.

We take the following account of the recent obsequies of Daniel Webster, from the New York Pathfinder. Similar demonstrations of sorrow and respect, have been made in other places, and on Tuesday, the 30th ult., a most imposing and magnificent display was to take place in Boston, but we go to press too soon to give any particulars. We shall give an account of the obsequies in Boston in our next. We see some of the papers speak rather disparagingly of the doings in New York. We let the Pathfinder speak for itself.

The funeral obsequies in respect to the memory of the late Daniel Webster, took place in this city on Tuesday, with becoming solemnity. The day was very favorable and nothing intervened to mar the effect of the proceedings, which were made. Business generally was suspended during the greatest part of the day, and with but few exceptions, the stores on the principal streets were closed. The owners and masters of vessels in the harbor, and the proprietors of the various public buildings in the city displayed their colors at half mast from sunrise to sunset. Many places of business were draped in mourning, and several private houses exhibited some measure of respect for the memory of the departed Statesman.

The procession was very large, the most imposing feature being the military. During the movement of the procession, minute guns were fired at several points, and all the church and fire bells tolled forth a solemn peal. The funeral car was finely designed, and got up with great magnificence. It consisted of a large platform 17 feet long, by 6 feet wide, mounted on wheels. On this was raised a dais, the size of a tier, in the center of which was a large gilded urn, with the name "Webster" inscribed upon it, while elegantly protecting it was the American Eagle, with wings partly spread. Supported by four columns was a dome covered with black cloth, decked with silver stars, and the interior festooned with the American flag. Numerous banners were carried in the procession, bearing appropriate inscriptions. Taken altogether, it was perhaps the most imposing and perfect thing of the kind that has ever occurred in this city.

The closing ceremonies of the occasion took place in the evening, in Metropolitan Hall, which presented a grand and imposing spectacle. The ceremonies consisted of a Prayer, a Dirge, an Oration, and the Benediction.

FIRE. A dwelling house in this city, occupied by Jonathan Knowles, and owned by Thomas Fuller, situated some two miles from the centre of town, was recently destroyed by fire. Mr. Knowles lost the most of his furniture. There were also destroyed 60 bushels of oats, 100 bushels potatoes, 30 bushels corn, and a quantity of other produce. The fire caught from the oven. Loss estimated at \$1000, insured for \$625. We do not learn the amount of Mr. Knowles' loss.

## LAW DECISIONS.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

THE STATE vs. JACKSON. In *scire facias* upon a recognizance for the appearance of a person charged with crime, no appeal lies, for the State, from the judgment of the District Court, sustaining a demurrer to the *scire facias*.

Such an appeal will be dismissed upon motion. When such an appeal is dismissed, the defendant is entitled to costs against the State.

SCIRE FACIAS in the District Court, brought upon a recognizance for the appearance of a person charged with crime. The defendant demurred to the *scire facias*, and judgment was rendered, sustaining the demurrer. The County Attorney appealed to this Court, but no recognizance to prosecute the appeal was entered into.

Now, in this Court, Webster, for a defendant, moved that the action be dismissed, because there had been no recognizance upon the appeal, and cited R. S. chap. 97, sec. 13.

The motion was resisted by Coburn, County Attorney.

PER CURIAM. No recognizance could be entered into. Neither the Attorney General nor the County Attorney, nor any other person had authority to recognize the State. And, if it could be done, the proceeding would be merely nugatory. No action could be sustained against the State upon it.

By a fair construction of the statute, we think it was not intended that appeals should be allowed to the State, in cases of this kind, and the action must, therefore, be dismissed.

On motion, costs against the State were allowed.

STATE vs. DORR. Where, upon an exchange of personal property, one of the parties falsely and fraudulently pretends that the property, which he is parting with, belongs to himself and is unincumbered, and at the same time affirms that he will warrant it against incumbrances, an indictment may be sustained against him, if the false pretence, and not the warranty, was the inducement which operated upon the other party to make the exchange.

LINSFORTH & CO., in equity, vs. BUCK & CO. Courts of Equity look to the substance rather than to the form of a contract, and aim to discover and execute the intentions of the parties.

In equity, contracts for the sale of land are not considered merely as executory, but are treated as if executed. The purchaser is regarded as owning the land, and the vendor as owing the purchase money, and as seized of the land, in trust for the purchaser.

Such a trust attaches to the land, and binds every one claiming through the vendor, with notice.

Neglect to pay at a stipulated pay-day will not, of itself, produce a forfeiture, if the creditor has not considered the time as of the essence of the contract.

The receiving of a payment, after the pay-day had expired, is a waiver up to that time, of any forfeiture incurred by the mere delay of payment.

### EDITORIAL TABLE.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY. We have received the last annual catalogue of the Academy at North Bridgton. The institution is in a flourishing condition under the care of the following board of officers, viz: W. M. Baker, Principal; S. C. Walker, Associate; Miss Philena McKee, Teacher of Music and Drawing; Wm. H. True, Teacher of Penmanship. The academic year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each, and the winter term commences Dec. 1. Whole number of scholars during the past year, 205—Ladies, 69, Gentlemen, 136.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. Our old friend Tucker, of the Albany Cultivator has issued the first number of his new Agricultural paper, the "Country Gentleman." We need not say it is a handsomely printed sheet, for Tucker never lets anything go from his office that is not handsomely done up. It is a good sized quarto of 16 pages, to be published weekly, devoted to subjects pertaining to the farm, garden, and forest, and is to be also a record of the times, and to give information respecting the fruit market. It will form a neat and convenient volume of 52 pages, at \$2 a year in advance. Mr. Tucker also continues the publication of the Cultivator, but has reduced the price to fifty cents a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. We have before spoken in favor of Little's Living Age, and always mean to, as long as it keeps up its reputation, as one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the kind in America. It gives the gist, the very marrow of all the best periodicals of the day, and is published every week by Little & Co. Boston, at 12 1/2 cents per number.

FARMER'S COMPANION AND HORTICULTURAL GAZETTE. A new, neat quarto of 16 pages, bearing the above title, comes to us all the way from Detroit Michigan, with a corps of editors answering to the following roll call: Charles Fox and Charles Betts, Editors; Linus Cone, corresponding Editor; J. C. Holmes, Horticultural Editor; and it is to be published every third month at fifty cents a year. It promises to be a first rate paper, and if the Michiganians do not give it a strong and hearty support, they will be very much to blame.

A TERRIBLE MISDEED. It seems as if, with the many inventions that have been made, tending to render war more terribly fatal than ever before, the trade of a soldier would become extinct, from a want of recruits. The latest invention of this kind that we have noticed, is described in a letter to an Irish paper. The writer says: "I can prepare a liquid, a pint of which, in a glass grenade-shell, thrown through a barred window in the night, would silently extinguish the whole of its living inhabitants, or, broken in the face of an advancing force, horse or foot, with the wind in their teeth, must infallibly arrest their progress, by death or paralysis, which effect would be equally well answered, by throwing such shells or earthenware into bodies of soldiers, from which the most dire rout must follow."

Will our Maine Farmer friend keep still? Will he, or won't he? Bless your soul, man—we'll tell you a tale worth hearing, one of which we wait and see. [N. E. Cultivator.]

Keep still, or air it all the "young un"? Keep still, eh? Well, we thought, and we thought, "at any rate, hurry up your story. By the way, neighbor, we are in earnest about the Mackays and the Hong Kong. Let us hear from you businessy."

CUBA. The island of Cuba, at present, seems to engross no small share of attention. The signs of the times indicate trouble in that quarter. It will be seen, by documents just published from the archives of the State, at Washington, that this spot of earth has long been a subject of discussion, at least, in the circles of diplomatic gentlemen. We would refer our readers to the letter of President Fillmore, in this day's paper.

PITTS' CORN AND COB CRACKER. One of Pitts' corn and cob crackers is now in operation in Winthrop village. These machines are not sufficient for other produce. The fire caught from the oven. Loss estimated at \$1000, insured for \$625. We do not learn the amount of Mr. Knowles' loss.

## GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Supposed Pirate. The E. H. Chapin, at Baltimore, 23d ult., from Callao, reports speaking on the 2d inst., latitude 19, lon. 62, the whaling brig Germ, of Truro, Cape Cod, the captain of which stated that his vessel had been chased for several hours, by a Spanish vessel, supposed a pirate, who bore off when the E. H. Chapin appeared in sight.

Deep Soil in Wisconsin. Nicholas Le Prevost of Racine has left on our table, says the Racine Advocate a paragon measuring nearly four feet in length, and a carrot about thirty inches long. If any one after this can say that we have not sufficient depth of soil in Wisconsin, he must be willfully obtuse.

Scam. Owing to the great number of ships for California and Australia, in New York, together with a great demand for the navy, wages have risen there to \$20 per month.

Fatal Result of Folly. An interesting little girl of ten years of age, in Nashua, N. H., was so badly frightened recently by a man disguised in a mask, at a window she was passing, that an affection of the brain ensued, of which she died.

Patent to a Printer. A patent has just been issued to Stephen P. Ruggles, of Boston, for improvement in printing presses. Mr. R. is a live born and live fed Yankee, and altogether "one of the printers."

Destructive Fire. George W. Shillito's candle factory, with seven adjoining buildings, were destroyed by fire at Cincinnati, recently. The total loss is \$75,000—insurance \$35,000.

Retaken. Backus and Vance, who escaped from suffocation and jail at Ellsworth, Me., have both been recaptured.

Sad Accident. Anson, son of Jeremiah Small, aged 11 years, was drowned, on the 7th ult., between Lubeck Neck and Eastport Bridge, by capsizing of a boat. Loring Small was in the boat, and was picked up after being in the water an hour and a half, almost exhausted. They were on a gunning excursion.

Ages of the Presidents. Franklin Pierce is the youngest man who has ever been elected President of the United States. He is 48 years of age. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Van Buren were 58; Jackson, 62; Harrison, 68; Taylor 66, and Polk 49.

The Late Gale on the Lakes. An official list of the lost and damaged vessels on the Lakes between the 7th and 30th of November, presents the following summary: Schooners 26, steamers and propellers 6, and brigs 3—all either wrecked, seriously damaged or compelled to suffer loss by throwing overboard portions of their cargoes. Twenty one lives are reported lost.

Valuable Land. The Boston Transcript states that a farmer in Canton has a cranberry meadow of twelve acres in extent, lying near Pumpknot pond, from which he has raked, the present season, upwards of 1000 bushels of fine cranberries, for which he has realized \$3000 cash.

Iron. Some of our iron men, says the Pittsburg Post, have made independent fortunes by the recent rise in pig metal. We have heard of gentlemen who have made by the advance \$25,000, others \$50,000, others \$100,000, others \$150,000 and so on. This is certainly extraordinary luck.

A Venerable Typo. The oldest living printer in the United States is a man named Carly, in Yorkville, S. C.; he worked with Ben. Russel on the Boston Sentinel, half a century ago, and he yet sets type by candle light, and is 97 years of age. Alas! poor old type, he is or may be soon should stick at the case nearly 100 years.

Handling the Broom. A friend says that the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which that broom is handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

Ancient relic. The editor of the Wheeling Intelligencer has been shown a brass crucifix, of curious and antique manufacture, which has been dug up from an Indian mound in Weizel county, Virginia. The mound from which it was taken was covered with a full growth of forest trees; and the appearance of the cross indicated that it had been buried for many hundred years.

Splendid Window. The Albany Register says the great west window of stained glass in the new Cathedral was brought from Europe in four thousand separate pieces, not one of which was broken on the voyage. It embodies a pictorial life of the Saviour, from the birth to the resurrection. It cost \$2,700.

Whaling in the North Pacific. The North Pacific fleet of 1892, of American whalers, it is now ascertained, comprises not less than two hundred and eighty-six ships. This number exceeds that of any previous year, except in 1846, when the fleet consisted of 292 ships.

A Lover of the Sex. In Cincinnati, Mr. Samuel Parker, seventy years of age, has just married his sixth wife. Since his first, he has always married a widow, and never remained a widower longer than six months at a time.

A substitute for "Depot." The English word station is very properly now used, instead of the French word depot, by Mr. Swann, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in his official communications, and will, it is said, be adopted generally in "railroad language" in this country.

Close voting. The vote in Morgan county, Virginia, last year, for Governor, stood, Democrat 288; Whig 288. This year for President it stands, Pierce 291, Scott 291—a singular coincidence.

A new name. It has been suggested by a worn out wag, who gives his mornings to conundrums and his nights to puns, that Louis Napoleon, instead of being called Bonaparte, should have conferred on him the title of Grab-the-whole.

A Cool Situation. In the New Hampshire Legislature, on Wednesday, petitions were presented by two or three persons, severally, for liberty to erect a hotel on the summit of Mount Washington.

Parkers. Mr. J. B. Lufkin, of Yarmouth, killed two pigs of last spring's litter, one of which weighed 373 pounds—the other 332 pounds. Who can beat this?

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE. The President's Message, at the opening of Congress will be delivered on Monday next. We understand the Postmaster General has made arrangements for its transmission, so that it may be delivered to the editors of the various newspapers, through the Postmasters in all the principal cities, immediately after the reading has commenced in the halls of Congress. We hope that Augusta will not be served as she was last year, when we had to wait for the message until it could be brought here from Bangor.

SULPHUR-VAPOR BATHS. We would direct the attention of our readers in Augusta and vicinity, to Dr. Flanders' advertisement of the establishment of his Sulphur-vapor Bath at Winthrop Hall. This species of Bath has been found efficacious in many chronic complaints, as they invigorate the skin, stimulate the pores and induce healthy action of this important part of the system. Give him a call.

## IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT, ON THE CUBA QUESTION.

The Washington Republic has received the consent of the President to publish the following private letter addressed to the Secretary of State by HUGH MAXWELL, Esq.: Dear Sir—Your note of yesterday came to hand this morning, in which you state, from conversation you have had with Mr. Law, that the Crescent City will go to Cuba and enter the port of Havana in defiance of the Spanish authorities, and that if she does not she will be surrendered, and then that he and others will immediately commence hostilities against the island.

You also say that he desires to know whether he is right in assuming the pursuit of his business, and that if government shall tell him that he must not go, he will not go. If, however, the government says nothing against his going, he will infer he has the right to go. But in regard to the chief matter of your letter, permit me to say that I am not at all disposed to admit the right of Mr. Law or any other citizen to threaten war on his own account, for the purpose of seeking redress for real or imaginary injuries, and then to call upon government to say whether it approves or disapproves of such conduct, and assume its approbation unless the act is forbidden.

The Constitution of the United States has vested in Congress alone the power of declaring war; and neither the Executive branch of Government nor Mr. Law has any right to assume that power by commencing war without its authority. And if he shall attempt it, it will be my duty, as it is my determination, to exert all the powers conferred to the Executive Government by the Constitution and law of Congress to prevent it.

I am resolved at all hazard, to maintain our rights in this controversy against Spain, and I am resolved that no act of our own citizens shall be permitted to place this government in a wrong position.

Mr. Law has an undoubted right to pursue his lawful business, but when the question is raised between this Government and foreign nations, the business belongs to the Governments and not to him.

If his object be to assert his right to enter the port of Havana, with such persons as he may choose, in defiance of the laws and government of Spain, he has certainly done enough to present that question for the decision of the governments of Spain and the United States, and negotiators have been already commenced, and our rights, as we understand them, have been asserted, and, as I said before, will be maintained.

But the acts of this Government cannot be controlled by the interference of any individual, and it is entirely unnecessary that Mr. Law should repeat these attempts for the purpose of settling this controversy; and if he willfully does so, and in so doing violates the laws of a foreign nation, within its own jurisdiction, and thereby loses his way from America to this place, he may play a good many frantic tricks, somewhat similar to those that an obstinate horse practices when he refuses to go. Occasionally he would start off at a rapid rate; then all of a sudden, when no one was expecting it, he would stop dead, and then, after fifteen minutes of aimless wandering, he would usually not more than six or seven. We learn that it is impossible to keep steam on her—it passes off almost as soon as it is generated. When on way from America to this place, she played a good many frantic tricks, somewhat similar to those that an obstinate horse practices when he refuses to go. 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## The Muse.

## TO MY WIFE IN ABSENCE.

BY FARE BENJAMIN.

My darling wife! though far away  
My thoughts revert to thee;  
Thou art my steady beacon-light  
Across life's solemn sea;  
Though high the waves that intervene  
Though dark the clouds above,  
I turn to thee, my cheering beam,  
In confidence and love.  
I know not if this heart, so fond,  
So faithful, would not break,  
Thou patient by absence, were it not,  
Comforted by thy sake.  
I know not if these weary, watching,  
Tearful eyes of mine  
Would not be dim, but for the smile  
Reflected from thine.  
I think, O treasure of my life!  
Of all thy winning ways;  
I think of thy devoted love,  
Above thy husband's praise;  
Of all that thou hast been to me,  
My happiness and pride,  
Since at God's altar thou didst stand  
Solemnly at my side.  
I think—O, better thought—how small  
My heart has been to thee;  
How few the deeds that I have done  
So dear a price to earn;  
But, as a sailor, cast upon  
A lone, tempestuous sea,  
Reverent tears to Heaven, and pray,  
So turn my soul to thee.  
Grant, grant, kind Heaven, that I once more  
My heart to thee may send,  
And the sweet voice of my love,  
My pretty little bird!  
And then, if sorrow comes, I'll kiss  
The hand that yields the rod,  
And from affliction deep exclaim—  
"Thy will be done, O God!"

From Godley's Lady's Book.

## THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY JOHN S. MOORE.

Farewell now to the glories of the year!  
The cloudless of winter cometh ere we,  
And nothing save the spring-time will restore us  
An ardent autumn. All the leaves, grown green,  
Drop dead to the ground 'neath the cold glow  
Of a far-glamorous moon. The quiet stars,  
Like Peter passing through a prison's bars,  
Seem diving as they cast their gleams below.  
The music from the leaves, and from the grass,  
Which filled the ears upon a summer night,  
Is now but all too mute. E'en long will pass  
The vehement north-wind, conscious of his might,  
Over the dead-cold land, and on his gla  
The figures of the fresh brown Autumn's fate will write.

## The Story-Teller.

From the National Era.

## UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT.

A Tale for the Times.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER I.

It came at last—that the very, Cassandra-like, had muttered of for several days past—what Bill Lyman, the stage driver, had foreseen that morning, when he called for his heaviest pea-jacket—what young maidens and schoolboys had looked for with such impatient longings—what the houseless and homeless had anticipated with anxiety and dread—the snow storm.

And a right brave storm it was, none of your light, trifling affairs, that merely cover the earth with a thin frosting, like that on a bridal veil, but a regular old-fashioned snow storm. To be sure it was rather quiet at first, like a young horse at starting, but soon it settled down, and went to work in good earnest. It wore dainty coverlets for the violet beds in the deep old woods, and covered them over like a careful mother, it powdered the heads of the cedars, until they looked like white-haired giants, and wrapped alike the graves of rich and poor, in shrouds of dazzling whiteness.

Oh! very impartial were those same little white, feathery flakes, that came dancing down at the bidding of the storm, edging alike the blue cloak of Judge Edmunds and the ragged garments of the beggar with an Earl.

Then they made a league with the cool headed old tectician, the north wind, and together they were skirting through the streets, heaving up embankments here, and digging trenches and turning curves there, rushing round corners, and stamping out, ruddy cheeked gentlemen, who fought and spluttered and dashed the snow from their eyebrows, to see what awaited them next, while the thinly clad girl drove her shawl closely around them, and seudded in troops, like little snow-birds, close under the lee of the house to escape their boisterous greetings. In the space of an hour or so, the storm had the city pretty much to itself, for whoever had a shelter, was glad to get beneath it, and stay there.

On the corner of C and D streets was a spacious wholesale clothing store, upon which, in hurrying up and down fore streets, after the last stragglers, the storm seemed to bestow particular attention. It tried to shake the mahogany cases and windows, and find some crack in them, or in the heavily paneled door, by which it could gain ingress; but baffled here, it contented itself with wrapping a white covering over the gilded sign-board, darkening the windows, muffling the steps, and barricading the door, as if it said, "Never mind! I'll be ready for you when you do open!"

Now, it was very provoking no doubt, but none of these maneuvers seemed to disturb the equanimity of Mr. D. Orestes Jimp, the owner of the store. All the clerks had gone to tea; and while waiting their return, he sat before the stove, with his heels resting upon a high stool, rather above the level of his head, and his eyes fixed upon a lamp hook in the wall as a kind of tether to his imagination, as he counted up the profits of the day's sales—a very necessary and commendable process, seeing next day was New Year's, and he anticipated several extra demands upon his purse. Perhaps we should not be far from the truth, if we said that, at the same time, he gave a sort of rough guess at his neighbor Juniper's profits, and wondered just how much and what he would give at his pastor's donation party the next evening; for Mr. D. Orestes Jimp did not like to be cast in the shade by any one, especially by a rival house; besides, we are all, at times, so remarkably disinterested, that we take more interest in other people's concerns than in our own.

But, hush! the storm has triumphed! The open door falls the barricade of snow, followed by the wind, that sends the glittering particles dancing through the whole length of the store, and raises such a commotion among the various garments, mentionable and unmentionable, suspended overhead, that it is some time before the astonished Mr. Jimp is aware of the cause of this disturbance.

But there are stands—a little, shivering, low-jawed girl, with a cheek almost as white as the snow matted in her abundant hair, and clinging to the folds of her miserable dress.

"Well, what's a'wainin', my girl?" asked Mr. Jimp, as the thin, was face, scarcely higher than the level of the counter, was turned up to him with a timid, appealing glance.

"Please, sir," began a little trembling, piping voice, "I have brought some shirts, and mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to let her have the money for them."

Mr. Jimp took the packet which the child drew under her shawl, and deliberately counted the coarse garments contained, while the little one edged timidly towards the stove.

"Three, four, five, six," whistled, exclaimed the gentleman, as he finished counting, "how is this! Here is but half the lot we gave out to your mother!"

"No, sir," returned the child, as she edged back to her first stand, "mother knew that—but little Jennie has been so sick, sir, that she could not get any more done; and—and it is so cold, and the coal is all gone. Mother hoped, sir, we would be kind enough to pay for her case, and we will finish the others as soon as we can."

"I thought your mother understood our terms, I told her when she took the work, that we made a rule to pay only when the lot was done," returned Mr. Jimp. "There are a plenty of people glad to work for us on these terms, and your mother cannot expect us to make an exception in her favor."

"But please, sir," pleaded the little one, "little Jennie is so sick, and—"

But Mr. Jimp did not stay to hear her out; for, just at that moment the outer door again opened, and a person entered, who slammed it to, right in the face of the storm, and began to stamp his boots and shake his garments in a way that gave strong proof of their firm texture.

As soon as Mr. Jimp caught sight of the high necked, and seemed like a projecting battlement over the folds of the red worsted comforter which enveloped the lower portion of the new comer's face, he sprung round the counter, and seizing his hand, shook it heartily, as he exclaimed—

"Why, Uncle John Markham! where did you come from? Did you snow down?"

"No, Dimmie," returned the old man, taking off his low crowned hat, and shaking a miniature snow from its broad brim; "but I'd like to be snowed under. Who'd a thought it would have come by such handfuls! I told mother, when I started, I guessed there'd be more snow before I got back; but I did not think of its coming so like a judgment. Black Simon and I have had a time of it, I tell you, Dimmie. Whew! my fingers ache like the toothache!" he added, drawing off a thick pair of blue and white yarn mittens, and spreading his hand palms to the fire.

"It is the worst storm we have had yet," returned Mr. Jimp, wincing slightly at the appellation, by which the old man addressed him. In his native village, he had always been known as "Dimmie Jimp," it being a sort of abbreviation of the classical cognomen, Demosthenes Orestes, bestowed upon him by his father, which he had ignored ever since his establishment in this city, signing his name D. Orestes Jimp, Esq. But he knew there was no use of urging the case with Uncle John. He would always remain Dimmie with him; so he smoothed his brow, and said heartily—

"Come, Uncle John, take a seat, and make yourself comfortable, if you can, until some of the boys get back; then we will go up to the house. Julia will be delighted to see you. You will stay over to-morrow night with us, of course. To-morrow night is Mr. E.'s Donation Party, and you must certainly attend that. He asks after you always, when he calls." Then changing to let his eye fall on the waiting child, whom he had quite forgotten, he said, with a gesture toward the door—

"You had better run home, little girl. Your mother knows my terms—can't vary for any one. A man must have some rules, and stick by them, if he intends to do anything," he added, turning to Uncle John.

"Aye, sound doctrine, that, Dimmie. But what is this? Who could send a child out in such a storm?" said the old man, hastily rising, and striding forward to open the door, the knob of which the child was vainly trying to turn.

"There, run home, little girl, but run, or you'll be buried," he cried; "your folks are crazy to send you out in such weather."

For a second, ere she crossed the threshold, the little pale face was turned up to his, as if to thank him, and he saw that it was wet with tears.

"What—what?" he muttered; and was about to follow her, when he was recalled by the voice of Mr. Jimp—

"Come in, uncle! you will catch your death standing in that draft!" cried the little man.

"Who was that child, Dimmie? and what possessed her friends, if she had any, to send her out in such a storm?" asked the old man, as he again seated himself by the fire.

"Oh, she don't mind it. She is one of the thousands you will find in the city—no one scarcely knows who or what they are. Her mother came here for work; and, as she was recommended by one of our hands, whom we could trust, we let her take some. I should think I heard some one say her husband was a dissipated sort of fellow. The city is full of such people."

"But what sent her here to-day? Do you owe them anything, Dimmie?"

"Owe them? No! returned Mr. Jimp, laughing. "You mean that hard run, not to be able to pay for a half dozen shirts. I always make it a rule to pay for each lot of work when it is brought in and answers inspection; and that is what I call fair on all sides. But this woman wants me to do more—she has sent in half her lot, and wants me to pay for these before the rest are done."

"And you didn't do it, Dimmie?" said the old man.

"Not I. I should never get my work done at that rate. If she does not like the terms, she must look elsewhere for work."

"I 'pore there are people who would have been foolish enough to have done it, or, perhaps, given her a little something out of their own pockets," observed the old man, watching the face of Mr. Jimp with a very peculiar expression.

"Yes, and foolish enough they are, as you say. Now, I claim to be as liberal and benevolent as most men; but I act upon system in this, as well as everything else. I pay my taxes promptly, and subscribe liberally to several benevolent societies; besides, my wife devotes half her time to their management. If these people really are worthy, and need aid, let them apply to these, and to the city authority. Casual charity only encourages street begging and idleness."

"But—but I 'pore there are some among them so proud that they would rather starve than beg," returned the old man, with the same searching glance. "I dare say there are a good many just such in our neighborhood, at home, who would rub their eyes before they would do it."

"No doubt of it. You would be surprised at the degree of pride manifested by the people who work for me, though many of them are as poor as Job. These people are doubtless of the same stamp. Lewis," he added, addressing a young clerk, who entered, out of breath with facing the storm, "put down those half-dozen shirts to the credit of Mrs. Ives."

"Miss Sarah Ives, George street?" queried the boy.

"No—Mrs. Mary Ives, Bingham Crossing, York road," was the reply, as Mr. Jimp delib-

erately ceased his dapper person in a wadded overcoat, and enveloped his throat in the voluminous folds of a costly marine scarf.

While he was drawing on his overshoes, his quest took from his pocket a large pocket-book, and wrote a few words on a blank leaf.

"They were soon ploughing their way in the direction of Mr. Jimp's residence: Uncle John looked the storm square in the face, as if it were an old friend, and Mr. Jimp trying to give it a bit by turning sideways. It bore this for a while; but at last, as they turned a corner, it sprang out upon him, and flapping the long ends of his scarf to his face, suddenly lifted his shining beaver from his head, and lodged it in a snow-bank, which it had been piling up right under the window of Governor B.—a mansion, as if for the special amusement of a small group of curly-headed children and a lovely young lady who were watching the persons with delight.

"Oh, if it had happened anywhere else!"—thought Mr. Jimp, as, with a glance at the mischievous face of Miss Eva B.—and the laughing little ones, he picked up his beaver and disappeared round the corner. Uncle John followed with steady steps. No danger of the storm's playing tricks with his apparel. His hat was jammed down upon his bald crown, as if he meant it to stay there; and we have a suspicion that he rather enjoyed the disasters of Mr. Jimp.

"I say, Dimmie," he remarked, seeing that gentleman pause and turn his back to the storm, to get breath, "that little girl must have a hard time of it getting home, won't she?"

"Yes, her people were crazy to send her out at such a time. Ugh! the snow almost blinds one."

"Very likely!" returned the old man, with a peculiar smile, replying to the first part of Mr. Jimp's remarks; "poor people are apt to do a great many strange things. But here we are at the door, and there is your wife at the window;—"

And with a nod to the rather pretty-looking lady who looked down upon them, the old man followed his nephew into the house.

Uncle John Markham was warmly received by his nephew's wife. He was a bit of a humorist, as Dick's hat-band," the people said in his village, and, by the way, we should very much like to know in what the peculiarity of the said Richard's hat-band consisted. "Eccentric," Mr. Jimp whispered to her friends as she introduced him; but then he was rich and childless, and rich folk can afford to be "odd."

His visits were very welcome among his nephews and nieces, not merely because of his wealth; for though they were long-remembered business people, and perhaps did not entirely put that out of the question, yet they had sense enough to love and respect the old man for his intrinsic goodness.

"Tea being over, and little Augustus Adelmar, Mr. Jimp, and several, having been sent to bed, after making several journeys to "Banbury Cross" on the old man's foot, the conversation turned upon the approaching Donation Party.

"Simpson seems home the stand-to-day, dear," said Mrs. Jimp, turning to her husband.

"It is a gift of a thing. Uncle John you must see it in my love for Mrs. E.—our pastor's wife. I do not believe there will be anything half so pretty sent as this;—"

and running into the opposite parlor she returned with a beautiful papier mache work-stand.

"Why, it is a pretty thing enough," said the old man looking at it with a good deal of interest, as his niece explained the material and the process of manufacturing it. "That butterfly hovering over the rose, there, is as natural as life."

"But what's it for, Julia? It is hardly strong enough to hold a mouse."

"Oh, it will hold light things; and then, it is such a beautiful ornament in a parlor."

"And what might it have cost, niece?" he asked.

"Only twenty dollars. Orestes, how I wish your vaas had been sent home, so that Uncle John could have seen them, too. They are such beauties—the real Bohemian glass, and no mistake."

"And what do they cost?"

"Twenty more," was the reply.

"Well, Dimmie, you said you were liberal to-day, and I do not dispute it; but it does seem to me, children, with my old-fashioned notions, that you might have laid out your money more wisely, considering your minister's wife and children—"

But by mean, doubtless, and cannot fail to be benefited by it yourselves, whatever your friends may be; for no one ever opened their purse-strings out of kindness, without being the better for it."

"In that case, Uncle John, you will return a much better man than you came, for I intend to make a draft on you," said Julia, blushing and laughing. "We are getting up a society for the suppression of idolatry among the Chinese in California, and I must have you down for a good round sum."

"Stay a bit, niece. Chinese—I heard they were coming over by thousands, but I don't know that they are more idolaters than our folks are here. Besides, I have one or two claims of the Society to which I belong, to settle before I can think of yours."

"Your Society? Why, I did not know as you belonged to any one, uncle!"

"You were mistaken, then," returned the old man, gravely. "For many years I have been a member of the oldest society in the world—the same of which our Saviour was a distinguished member while on earth—the Society of Human Brotherhood—a Society which has for its aim and object all the poor, oppressed, fallen, and down-trodden beings upon God's earth. I must attend to this first niece; and then I will see about yours."

There was silence a few moments, before the old man, who had risen and walked to the window, added, gaily—

"By-the-by, children, I guess I'll just step round to the Hotel, and take a look at Black Simon."

"Not to-night, you surely need not go out to-night," cried Mr. and Mrs. Jimp in the same breath.

"Why not? See, it has stopped snowing, and I am not quite so frail as Julia's stand there—"

Simon had a hard time of it, getting here, and the hostler may neglect him, poor fellow. You need not think I am lost, if I am not back in an hour or two," he added, as he passed through the hall; "I may find some old friends down there; and that awhile."

CHAPTER II.

"Black Simon" was looked after, and talked to for a few moments, much as if he had been a child, and then instead of returning to the warm sitting-room of the hotel, or the elegant parlor of Mr. Jimp, the old man sturdily ploughed his way along the snowy streets, until he reached the suburbs of the city.

Here he slackened his steps, and paused occasionally to decipher, by the dim light of the lamps, the number on some of the dilapidated buildings which lined the street. At last, he approached one, from which issued the sound of music and dancing, and knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by a rosy-cheeked Irish girl, in a gay ball costume and dirty white slippers.

"There's a family of the name of Ives living in this house?" asked the old man.

"Yes, there is, the poor crathurs; but not in there, sir," was the reply, as she saw Mr. Markham about to lay hold of the latch of a door near by. "That is Teddy McGuire's room. The Ives are above, sir. I'll be after showin' the way, an' ye please."

Uncle John followed the girl up the gloomy, dirty stairs, asking by the way, (for the old man was a bit of a Yankee,) what was the cause of the festivity below.

"A wedding, sir; Mikey Flaherty is married to Tim Doolan's Bridget to-night," returned the girl, with a smile, adding, as she pointed to the door at the extreme end of the passage, "It's there ye will find them ye seek."

The old man turned to thank her, but she was already half way down stairs, stepping to the lively measure of an Irish jig; so he walked on, and knocked gently at the door where the girl had pointed out. It was opened by the same pale faced child whom he had seen in his nephew's house. She looked up to him with a quick glance of recognition mingled with surprise, and then glanced toward her mother, who sat leaning over a miserable bed, on which lay a little child, over whose face the ashen hue of death was already stealing. Seeing that her mother did not observe the stranger, she said;

"It's the gentleman who opened the door for me, to-day, mother."

Thus disturbed, the woman looked up, questioningly, almost impatiently, at the intruder.

"Excuse me, ma'am," began the old man, in an apologetic tone, but deliberately shutting the door behind him. "I fear I intrude; but the little girl is right. I am glad to find she got home safe. My nephew, Mr. Jimp, did not quite understand the child, it seems; and I have come to make it all straight." And he handed out a five dollar bill as he spoke.

The woman took the bill, looked at it a moment, and returned it with a heavy sigh.

"I cannot change it, sir. I have not a cent of money in the world."

"It's all right, ma'am. I don't want any change—I mean Mr. Jimp don't; he isn't at all particular—that is—I say, keep it, ma'am, you need it all, and more too, in such weather as this."

The woman looked at him with mingled wonder and suspicion. At length she said:

"There is some mistake, sir. Mr. Jimp is a very particular man. He owes me but one dollar, and it may bring both of us into trouble if I keep the money."

"Take it, I say. You'd have not a right to do as I please with my money—I mean hasn't Mr. Jimp a right to do what he pleases with his money? Take it, and make yourself comfortable."

The woman waited to be urged no more; she eagerly collected the money and burst into tears, as she cried—

"The blessing of those ready to perish be upon you both, sir. I should not have sent out to-day, but we have neither food nor fuel, and little Jennie is dying!"

"Have you no one whom you can send out after food and fuel?" asked the old man, with a glance towards the further corner of the room, where, from beneath a pile of rags, came the heavy breathing of a man.

"Yes," returned the woman, as with a troubled expression her eye followed him; "but William, poor fellow, is not well. He is worn out," she went on with a sigh, "with care, and want, and trouble. If you will be kind enough to stay with Ellen, sir, I will run down myself, and get what we want. It's only two doors from here," she added, seeing the old man about to retrace.

There was something in her manner that recalled to the old man Mr. Jimp's remark about her husband's temperate habits. "She fears to trust him with the money, and perhaps she is right," thought he, as he drew the scissor covering over the dying child, and began to look about for something to kindle a fire with, against the mother's return.

The little girl hid down the coarse shirt sleeve she was stitching, and came to his side, and they could find nothing but a few bits of paper.

"That is Willie's kite, sir," she whispered, as the old man laid his hand on that article.—

"He brought it with him when we moved from the country, but I don't know as he will mind it much, if he can only be warm."

As she spoke, a curly head peeped out from beneath the rags in the corner, and presently a little boy of five or six years old crept to her side.

"Willie, don't wake father!" she whispered, hushing his exclamation of surprise at the sight of a stranger. "We are going to have a fire, and something to eat, Willie," she added. "Mother has gone after the things. Mr. Jimp sent the money by this gentleman, and now it's all right."

"Mother says she has never been well; but she ran about, and played with Willie and me, until we came here. Ever since, she has been poorly, and we have had to hold her all the time. Sometimes she laughs when I show her my rose bush, and puts up her hands to catch the leaves. Biddy Flaherty gave it to me, sir; but lately she does not seem to notice anything, and mother thinks she will die."

Before the old man could reply, the mother entered, followed by a man, bearing wood and coal.

We do not know whose pleasure was the greatest, the hungry children, as they ate their food by the glowing fire, or old John Markham, as he sat by and looked on. We think the children's, however, for he could not but be saddened by the tale which he heard from the lips of the poor mother, as she hung over her child. It was the old story, which has blighted so many of the fair faces of life. Poverty had followed sickness; thrown out of work, strangers in a strange place, disappointed and despairing, the husband and father had yielded to temptation, and the accused cup, until he no longer cared for aught save the gratification of his brutal appetite. For some time past they had depended solely upon the earnings of the mother and little Ellen for support; and these had of late been much curtailed by the illness of little Jennie.

"I could not let her lie and die before my eyes, even though we were all starved," said the weeping woman.

Uncle John Markham was not an eloquent man—he never made a speech in his life; yet, somehow, the words which he spoke to that fal-

ter, discouraged husband, that night, awoke feelings of hope, and courage, and self-respect, in the poor fellow's heart, to which he had long been a stranger.

## CHAPTER III.

It was quite late when the old man reached his nephew's house that night, and Mr. Jimp and his wife were too sleepy to ask many questions; but the next morning at the breakfast table, they were disposed to be quite curious on the subject of his late hours.

"Fin, Uncle John," began Mrs. Jimp, smiling as she handed him his coffee, "this never will do. I think I shall have to write to Aunt Sarah about it."

"I think I shall write to her myself, this morning," returned the old man, in the same light tone.

"But uncle, these must be very interesting notes, these friends of yours, to keep you up so late," said Mrs. Jimp.

"They are; so much so that I am determined to introduce them to you. Will you call with me, sometime during the day?"

"With great pleasure, uncle."

It being New Year's Day, however, Mr. Jimp, amid calls and business, quite forgot Uncle John's proposal—the more readily as that old gentleman was absent most of the day, on business of his own, and it was only until he was about to dress for the donation party in the evening, that the old man saw fit to remind him of his engagement.

"Why, it is too late now, Uncle John. Julia has already commenced dressing for the party," said the little man.

"Well, I can't go to this party with you until I have called on these friends, that's certain," said the old man. "If you are minded to go with me, I'll have Black Simon and the aleigh at the door by the time you are dressed."

Black Simon bore them with flying steps along the crowded streets, until, with a suddenness that almost took Mr. Jimp's breath from his body, the old man drew up before a rickety old building.

"Uncle John, you must have mistaken the place! your friends surely cannot live here," cried Mr. Jimp, from beneath the many folds of his scarf.

It was too cold for Mr. Jimp to remonstrate; his teeth chattered, and his scarf was almost frozen to his lips even then; so, stepping carefully in his dainty, glistering boots, he followed the old man through the gloomy hall and up the dirty stairs.

Mr. Jimp was somewhat fastidious, and more than once he would have taken exception to the various smells that seemed to congregate in that hall, had he not been too well wrapped up to be aware of them.

Uncle John rapped softly at Ives' door, and after waiting a few moments, as he no one came, opened it himself. One glance around the apartment taught him the cause of that silence. Near the stove, with his little boy in his arms, who was sobbing in that peculiar, spasmodic manner that indicates the utter exhaustion of the physical frame, sat William Ives, with his eyes fixed upon the bed which had been arranged as decently as possible to receive the dead body of little Jennie. The mother had done all her scanty means allowed. She had parted the shrunken limbs, and robbed them, straightened the shrunken limbs, and robbed them in a pretty white frock, the last relic of happier days. The dainty edgings with which it was trimmed were in strange contrast with the miserable bed coverings—edgings wrought by her busy fingers in those happy days when a mother's glad anticipations first stirred her heart. Then she had flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed, and with her face buried in the clothes neither wept nor moved.

The grave-eyed Ellen stooped over the bed, and was trying to place a poor, sickly-looking rose in the cold hand of the little one. Uncle John glanced at the bush she had showed him the night before, and knew at once from whence it came. It was her all, poor thing!

She was the first to perceive their entrance, and the soon both parents were mingling words of deep gratitude with their tears.

"I shall never forget your kindness, sir, to the day I die!" exclaimed the mother, turning to Mr. Jimp. "Much as we needed the money, starving as we were, we thought not less of your confidence to us than we did of that. It was so kind, so noble in you, to trust us! But you shall be repaid, sir; William and I are determined to do it, if we work our fingers to the bone! And this gentleman to come as he did through the snow to aid us! Oh, how can we ever be grateful enough!"

"My kindness! repay me! you here!" exclaimed the bewildered Mr. Jimp, turning to Uncle John, and rapidly unwinding the folds of his scarf, as if pressed for breath.

"Yes, Dimmie, I was certain you did not understand the errand of that little girl, yesterday, as I followed her home, and settled your bill myself. It was well I did, for the poor things needed it very much."

"Save a bit of bread for the children, and a spoonful of milk for—"

and the poor mother glanced sadly at the white-robed little figure on the bed, "for her, sir, we had not tasted food for two days."

Mr. Jimp was neither an unjust nor hard-hearted man; he had simply been guided by the current custom of the day; and when he had subscribed his quota to any benevolent object allowed himself to consider his responsibility at an end. Now, a new light broke in upon him; he turned to his old relative and said earnestly:

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle John! you could not have done me a kinder deed; or," he added, in a lower tone, "taught me a better lesson. It alone which I shall never forget."

And, to Mr. Jimp's justice, he never did. He told the story to Julia, when he got home, and gravely took his share of the blame, while the tears gathered in her pretty eyes, and she almost forgot her present and the donation party in her interest in the Ives.

They assisted the father in finding employment, and encouraged him in his struggles to overcome his evil habits, and even did not grumble when Uncle John took little Ellen Ives to live with him and Aunt Sally, and be a daughter to them in their old age, though